

MINING BULLETIN OF W. H. STORMS

MOTHER LODE REGION OF CALIFORNIA.

Particular Attention Has Been Given to the Gold Mines of Amador County.

FREE AMERICAN MINE.

This is 6 miles east of Sutter Creek, on a small vein of high-grade rock in Calaveras formation. In one place it is stated that the vein is 6 feet wide, and that the rock will run \$25 per ton, and at the bottom of the shaft the vein is 8 feet wide in good milling ore. The shaft was sunk to a depth of 110 feet near Sutter Creek, and a drift extended out under the creek along the vein, with the result that the mine was flooded, the surface water probably coming directly from the creek. The property was provided with both water and steam hoist, a jackhead pump and a steam pump, both of which were operated as vigorously as the power would permit, in addition to bailing with the skip at the same time; but this combination failing to lower the water in the shaft, operations had to be abandoned.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IN MEMORIAM.

To the officers and members of Conrad Parlor No. 101, N. D. G. W.

We, your memorial committee, in trust with the preparation of resolutions expressing the sentiments of this Lodge, on the death of Sister Ella French, a member of this Parlor, respectfully submit the following:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved Sister Ella French, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow with submission to the decree of the Supreme Ruler, we deeply deplore the fact that the golden chain of our Fraternity has a link severed, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Sister Ella French, Conrad Parlor has met with a great loss, a sister whose memory deserves to be cherished and whose short membership gave promise of an example worthy of imitation; be it also

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved husband, son, and the sorrowing parents, sisters and brothers in this their hour of affliction; and

Resolved, That a copy of these sentiments be sent to the bereaved husband, that they be published in the Weekly LEDGER, that they be entered upon the minutes, and that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Calm on the bosom of the God, Fair spirit, rest thou now!

Even with us are thy footstep trod, His seal was on thy brow.

Lo are the paths and sad the hours, Whereby thy meek smile is gone,

But oh! a brighter home than ours, In heaven is now thine own.

In grateful remembrance.

ANNA GILLICK,
INZ JONAS,
MARY GRILLO,
Committee.

Wanted to Get In.

Several residents of this town were bothered the first of the week by some one prowling around their homes at night. On Tuesday morning about one o'clock this midnight visitor paid his respects to a certain house on Broadway. He tried doors and windows, calling to the inmates. The gentleman of the house awoke and asked what was wanted, and the usual cry of "out of work, wife and children somewhere, and no money to support them," was the answer.

After parleying awhile the man said he had lost his hat and wanted a match, but was refused. He then demanded that the door be opened, and not until threatened with a dose of lead did he leave the premises. The officers failed to secure the man, and as nothing has been heard of him for the past few days, it is supposed that he left town.

He Paid the Charges.

Tuesday evening a man walked into the telephone office of the Sunset Company at Jackson and asked to have his brother in Oakland called to the phone.

The gentleman was found, but the brother at this end of the line, being under the influence of liquor, could not understand what the brother at Oakland was saying. The line was held for them about ten minutes, when the fellow came out of the booth and refused to pay the charges. He went outside, and the operator called up Sheriff Gregory, who came down and induced the man to pay.

Later he went back to the office and the sheriff was compelled to arrest him, so that there would be no further disturbance.

Arrested for Burglary.

Frank Trabucca, who lives on the road between Jackson and Pine Grove, was arrested last Monday and brought to Jackson and lodged in jail, to answer to a charge of burglary.

The day before his arrest, Trabucca, who is a young man, entered the house of Joe Onto, with the intention, as he afterwards told the sheriff, of helping himself to any money that he might find. He did not find any money, but claims to have taken a can of sardines.

While rumaging in one bedroom he heard some one coming and got into another room. The sheriff was informed of the affair and immediately had the man arrested. He had in his possession a rifle, revolver and large knife.

Tell Your Sister.

A beautiful complexion is an impossibility without good pure blood, the sort that only exists in connection with good digestion, a healthy liver and bowels. Karl's Clover Root Tea acts directly on the bowels, liver and kidneys, keeping them in perfect health. Price, 25c and 50c. For sale by A. Goldner, the Druggist.

Dismissed.

The case of the people vs. Bamberger, which has been pending in the Justice Court of this township for the past five months, was dismissed last Monday on motion of C. M. Burleson, attorney for the defendant, with the consent of District Attorney McSorley, Bamberger agreeing to pay the expenses thus far incurred. Bamberger, who is a cigar drummer, was arrested for an alleged violation of the license ordinance of the county, and his case was taken up by the Commercial Traveler's Association with the evident intention of testing the legality of said ordinance. It is said that the law is faulty as regards the case, hence the disposition of the case as above stated. —Citizen.

A Barbers' Association.

The tonsorial artists of Jackson met last Tuesday evening to make arrangements regarding the hours of business and to agree upon prices of their work.

Nothing definite was done. Another meeting will be called next Tuesday evening, when the matter of organization will be completed.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned desire to thank all those who, during the illness and death of our dearly beloved one, extended to us assistance and kindly sympathy.

MRS. P. KELLEY AND FAMILY.

MR. JOHN KELLEY AND FAMILY.

MR. JOHN KELLEY AND FAMILY.

Card of Thanks.

We, the undersigned, desire to convey our most heartfelt thanks to all those who, during the illness and death of our dearly beloved one, extended to us assistance and kindly sympathy.

MRS. P. KELLEY AND FAMILY.

MR. JOHN KELLEY AND FAMILY.

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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. GINOCCHIO & BROTHER Wholesale and
Retail Dealers in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Water Street, foot of Broadway, - - - Jackson.

We take pleasure in informing our patrons and the public generally that we have on hand a very choice and selected stock of Dry Goods of all kinds, Groceries and Provisions, Clothing, Boots and Shoes. We particularly direct the attention of the public to the fact that we keep on hand the largest assortment of Iron and Steel to be found in Amador County. Also a superior assortment of all kinds of Hardware, such as Carriage Bolts, Screws, Nuts, and in fact everything the market demands. We are sole agents for the celebrated Hercules Powder, of which we shall constantly keep on hand a large supply.

NEW NATIONAL HOTEL...

Foot of Main Street, Jackson, Cal.

First-class Accommodation for Travelers
at Reasonable Prices.

SAMPLE ROOM FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

Rooms newly furnished throughout. Table supplied with the best in the market. Bar supplied with the Finest brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

F. A. Voorheis, - - Proprietor.

E. G. FREEMAN & CO.

Gent's Working and Driving Gloves
Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Articles
Paints, Oil, Varnishes and Brushes

...General Varieties...

FIRST-CLASS WORK DONE IN OUR

Harness and Saddlery Annex

Telephone 441 Main.

Jackson, Cal.

PIONEER FLOUR IS PERFECTION...

Made from SELECTED WHEAT
Blended according to our own Formula
Producing perfect results and
Bread divinely fair and featherly light
Sweet to the palate's touch and
Snowy White.

PIONEER FLOUR MILLS, Sacramento.

How to Carry a Gun.
There are only two directions in which the muzzle of a gun can safely be pointed; these are up or down. A shot fired in air can scarcely injure any one or anything and one discharged into the ground is equally harmless. Therefore, in all the different positions which the gun assumes, see that it is pointed either up or down.

Sometimes a man will be seen who carries his gun reversed, holding it by the muzzle while the fore end rests on the shoulder and the stock projects behind. Happily, this practice is not common, for it is extremely dangerous, and many men have been killed by carrying their guns in this way. If a man stumbles or steps in a hole or catches his foot on a root and falls, his gun will very likely be thrown forward with the muzzle directly toward his body and may easily enough be discharged.

Sometimes one may see a boy or even a man who will carry the gun across the back of the neck, with one arm over the stock and the other over the barrels, sometimes with the hand resting on the muzzle. This is certain to give a very uncomfortable feeling to any one who happens to be walking by the side of the person carrying his gun in this fashion and opposite the muzzle end. While the danger of a discharge is perhaps not great, it is unpleasant to be walking along with a gun pointed at your neck or head.—Forest and Stream.

They Were Forming Opinions.
The club was full. Evening papers were at a premium. An atrocious crime had been that day committed, and every member was reading the account of the tragedy and eagerly discussing the details.

A foot had been found in the East river, a leg in the Hudson and the trunk of a body in the park. Loud were the expressions of horror and disgust. Suddenly a full came over the crowd, and two small voices were heard above the modified din discussing the law of human nature which made people lean toward curiosity even in its morbid tendency. The small voices grew louder and the argument continued, until at last a man in tones of undisguised pity turned to the disputants and said:

"So you think we are filled with morbid curiosity?"

One of the small voices replied that it looked very much as if that was the case.

"Nothing of the kind," expostulated the former speaker. "You mistake our motive. We are merely disqualifying ourselves for jury duty."

The men with the small voices immediately seized the only two newspapers and devoured them with avidity.—New York Herald.

Posted in Spite of the Rule.
Collector—I am afraid to present this in person to Mr. Grump. Had we not better forward it by mail?

Manager—Yes, but remember this is the only instance where we will violate our motto, "Post No Bills."—Ohio State Journal.

Drunkenness in Scotland.
I am the master of sheer, boisterous, overmastering drunkenness we stand without rivals in shameful isolation.—Dundee Advertiser.

Don't quarrel if you can't help it. A quarrel is never made up.—Atchison Globe.

He who makes no mistakes makes nothing else.—Atchison Globe.

A FAMOUS BANK NOTE.

The One That Cruikshank Draw and
the Crowd It Drew.

One day about the year 1818 George Cruikshank was passing Newgate on his way to the exchange, when, seeing a crowd collected, he went forward to learn what was the matter and saw that it was the execution of several men and women. He was horrified at the spectacle and on inquiring learned that the woman was being hanged for passing counterfeit £1 notes. He learned also that this punishment was quite a common thing, even though the poor wretches often sinned in ignorance, being the dupes of men who sent them to buy some trifles and return the change to them. Wrung with pity and with shame, Cruikshank went home and immediately, under the inspiration of his feeling, sketched a grotesque caricature of a bank note. He called it a bank restriction note—not to be imitated. He represented on it a place of execution, with spaces about filled in with halters and manacles, a figure of Britannia devouring her children and transports ships bearing the lucky or unlucky ones who had escaped death to Van Diemen's Land or Australia, while in place of the well known signature of Abraham Newland was that of J. Ketch.

He had just finished this, when his publisher Hone entered, and seeing it, begged to have it for publication. So Cruikshank etched it and gave it to Hone, who exhibited it for sale in his window with startling effect. Crowds quickly began to gather and purchased so eagerly that the issue was soon exhausted.

Cruikshank was kept hard at work making more etchings, the crowds grew so great that the street was blocked, and the mayor had to send soldiers to clear it. Hone realized over £700 in a few days.—Good Words.

BRITISH BANK CLERKS.

Sumptuary Laws Trying on Those
With Slim Purse.

Bank clerks generally look so sleek and comfortable and are almost invariably so well groomed that their grievances rarely receive patient hearing.

One who was recently dismissed for the terrible crime of smoking a pipe in a city cafe during one of the hours sacred to what is called by city courtesy lunch writes, giving a list of restrictions which he declares are absolute.

No clerk is allowed to smoke a pipe in the streets during banking hours or at lunch.

The average clerk's salary is not so very high, but nevertheless he must wear a silk hat and come to the office, dressed as one with double the salary. Wearing a cap to business is not to be thought of, as it is an unpardonable offense in the eyes of the bank officials.

The salary of the average bank clerk ranges from about 33 shillings a week, but in many banks the salary is much lower and the chances of promotion very small.

A clerk's money is greatly diminished by his having to subscribe to numerous funds, such as a "sports" fund, to keep the cricket or football grounds in order, which he himself is never able to see.

Saturday is no holiday for him, as he does not leave the office on those days until about 4 or 5 o'clock.

It must not be supposed that the day's work of a bank clerk ends with the closing of the bank to customers. In fact, it only begins at that time.—London Express.

The Man With a Paper.

The man with a paper during the morning and evening hours in New York city is legion. There are about 400,000 of him. A man without a newspaper on an elevated train, in a street car, aboard a ferryboat or in a railway coach, morning or evening going to or from business is conspicuous.

He is a rare bird indeed, and looks as though he were wrecked and floating along on a sea of tossing papers. He is sure to feel lonesome and almost outside the pale of civilization, for his fellow men, with their faces to their regular diet of daily news, hardly notice him.

If you have time to spare a moment from your morning paper, just look about you, in car or boat, observe and listen. You will see every mortal man—with often hundreds in view at one time—reliably bowing at the altar of the news in silence that is only broken by a continuous rustle as the scores of leaves are turned. There is no more devout newspaper reading community than is found in the metropolis.—New York Herald.

An Ample Kitchen.

What is said to be the largest kitchen in England is that of Raby Castle, the seat of the Duke of Cleveland. It is 30 feet square, having three chimneys, one for the grange, a second for the stoves, and the third for the great caldron. The roof is arched, with a small cupola in the center. It has five windows, from each of which steps descend, but only in one instance to the floor, and a gallery runs round the whole interior of the building. The ancient oven has a diameter of 15 feet.

Just as this kitchen is, it must have been sometimes taxed by the hospitality of former ages, for in one of the apartments of the great castle 700 knights were upon one occasion entertained at the same time. And the knights of that day were men of brawn and sinew, who would think lightly of demolishing, each man of them, five pounds of beef, half a sucking pig, a venison pasty or two, washed down with huge flagons of brown October beer.

Agents wanted everywhere. Write for prices and Catalogue.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

300-306 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

C. A. HAWKINS, Gen. Manager.

A. J. SNOW & SON, Dealers in White Machines
SUTTER CREEK.

One View of Our Women.
American women separate themselves more each year from the life of the country and affect to smile at any of their number who honestly wish to be of service to the nation. They, like the French aristocracy, are perfectly willing, even anxious, to fill acceptable diplomatic posts at first class foreign capitals, and are naïvely astonished when their offers of service are not accepted with gratitude by the authorities at Washington. But let a husband propose to his better half some humble position in the machinery of our government and see what the lady's answer will be. A New York woman was transplanted to a western city, where she was told that "the ladies of the place expected her to become their social leader." "I don't see anything to lead," was the amiable response.—From Elliot Gregory's "Worldly Ways."

The Masculine Test.
Cholly—Oh, yes, young Gethar is rich and received in good society, but it is plain to see he is not to the manner born.

May—How is that?

Cholly—He can't get into a hansom without hitting his silk hat to save his life.—Punch.

Simplicity in Funerals.
The simplicity which marked the ancient Jewish burial ceremonies has much to commend it even to us. The inexpensive coffin and the uniform linen shroud served to emphasize the equality of all in death. As things are today the rich tax their brains to invent new funeral fineries and the poor impoverish themselves to keep up with their wealthier neighbors.—Jewish American.

A finished sailor is a much more experienced article than the finished soldier, as a soldier can be trained in a year or two, while a sailor is a technical craftsman, whose education is long and elaborate.

He who makes no mistakes makes nothing else.—Atchison Globe.

MRS. GALLUP MOURNS

A SIGN WARNS HER THAT HER TIME
HAS ABOUT COME.

So Between Sobs She Has a Little
One Sided Talk With Her Devoted
Husband About the House and the
Things That Are In It.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

When supper had been concluded, Mr. Gallup sat down to read a pamphlet descriptive of the Wiggins washing machine, and Mrs. Gallup flung a shawl over her head and ran over to a neighbor's to give warning that the chicken boy had broken out in a town only ten miles away and would probably sweep the whole country before it could be staid.

It was hardly a quarter of an hour before she returned, and her first action was to pitch forward on the lounge and roll over three times before she got settled down into a comfortable position to do some weeping.

Her conduct ought to have attracted immediate attention, but it didn't. Mr. Gallup was reading a declaration from the sole inventor and proprietor that no

matter who wrote the poetry of America, he proposed to wash the shirts of the nation. M. QUAD.

that you've got three shirts, four pairs of socks, five collars and two handkerchiefs in the bureau, and hangin' up in the clothespress is two old suits and one old hat. In the top drawer of the bureau you'll find a piece of crape for your hat, and in the bottom drawer is some farewell verses I wrote out a year ago. I don't own none of the mabsurs no tea or coffee or sugar, and none of 'em owes me anything. Now, that's all, and if you want to kiss me and say you're sorry I've got to go and hope I'll watch over you, why, then I'm ready.

She looked full at Mr. Gallup for the first time. His eyes were still glued to that pamphlet. It was stated that the Wiggins washer was so constructed that it could be attached to a potato slicer or an apple parer and no reader's interest could help but grow.

Mrs. Gallup waited 60 seconds for an answer, and then as none came she softly rose up and went out into the kitchen and began to get things ready for breakfast. She had been gone ten minutes when Mr. Gallup smiled. He didn't smile because he heard her sing a verse of "The Old Oaken Bucket," but because Mr. Wiggins finished his pamphlet with the declaration that no

matter who wrote the poetry of America, he proposed to wash the shirts of the nation. M. QUAD.

AN ENDURING CURSE.

A Famous English Family That Perished by Fire and Water.

The attempt of the Midhurst district council to convert the famous "Close Walks"—four old wet avenues—at Cowdray, in Sussex, into an arrangement of sewage tanks recalls a creepy story of a fulfilled curse. At the dissolution of the monasteries Sir Anthony Browne obtained a grant of Battle Abbey and the priory of Eastbourne, the parish in which the ruins of Cowdray are situated, and according to a picturesque tradition one of the monks cursed him to his face and prophesied that "by fire and water" his race should perish out of the land. What foundation there may be for the story no man can say, but unquestionably the Brownes did so perish.

George Samuel Browne, eighth Viscount Montague and owner of Cowdray, who was engaged to Miss Couttsister to Lady Burdett-Coutts' mother, was drowned in the falls of Laufenburg in 1793. The messenger who brought the news to England met one going to Germany to inform Lord Montague that Cowdray had been burned. He was succeeded by a distant relative, a Roman priest, who was dispossessed from his vows that he might marry and continue the line, but he died a few months afterward and the title became extinct. The estates went to the drowned viscount's sister, whose two sons were drowned together at Bognor in 1815. It is a weird story.—London Chronicle.

"SHE BUST INTO TEARS."

ed the public 1,000,000 pounds of soap in the last year, and the family clock might have stopped without his taking notice of it. When about 50 soaps and sighs and groans had failed to arouse him, Mrs. Gallup sat up and said:

"Samuel, you know I went over to see Mrs. Taylor. As she has 'leven children and is allus willin' to lend me her flatrons, I thought it only right to tell her that the whole 'leven might be taken down with chicken pox any minit. I hadn't hardly got my mouth open before she bust into tears and put her arm around me. She wasn't cryin' on account of the chicken pox, but on my account. I had bad news for her, but she had badder for me. Don't you want to know what it was?"

Mr. Gallup didn't. He was reading a testimonial from the wife of a governor that the Wiggins washer had brought joy to her household when everything else had failed, and he was deaf to the outside world. Mrs. Gallup waited a reasonable time for a reply and then said:

"The news she had to tell me, Samuel, was that I had but three days to live. If I hadn't gone over there she would have come over here, as she thought I ought to be makin' ready. That's Mrs. Taylor all over. She's allus dun sunthin' for other folks. You must remember when Saray Ann Spooner died? And you remember when Uncle Goodrich was hooked to death by a cow? Was, Mrs. Taylor had warnin' three days ahead that both of 'em was goin' to perish. Her clock suddenly stopped with a whirr-r-r, and both hands plumb in a certain direction. At 5 o'clock this afternoon the clock stopped ag'in and the hands plumb right toward our house. That meant me. In three days from now I'll be sailin' around among the clouds."

Mr. Gallup didn't dispute it. He was reading that the Wiggins washer would do the work of ten women at the washboard, and he was giving the inventor credit for being a bigger man than P. T. Barnum or Dan Rice.

"I'm glad it's come, Samuel," continued Mrs. Gallup in more cheerful tones. "You know I hev expectin' to die any minit for the last 25 years, and it has kinder kept me up. You'll be glad, too, because you don't like the smell of camphor and mustard plasters around. You may feel a little lonesome for two or three days after I'm gone, but with playin' checkers, goin' to the debatin' society and lookin' around for a second wife you'll soon chirp up and git your appetite back. I ain't goin' to ask you who you shall take for your second wife, but before I go I want to talk with you about the house. Will you talk with me, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup refused to commit himself. That Wiggins washer was being sold for \$10 when other and inferior machines were foisted on the public at \$15, and he was saying to himself that Wiggins ought to have the gratitude of the nation. Mrs. Gallup shed seven or eight tears, caught a sob between her teeth and went on:

"In the first place, the oven door to the stove needs a new hinge. It got broken seven years ago, but I have got along with it so as to save expense. Then the snout is broke off our two quart pitcher, and the handle is off the gallon jug. If I was goin' to stay right along on earth, I shouldn't tell you that we ought to hev a new set of teaspoons or that there are three holes in the dishpan, but I'm goin' fur, fur away, and your second wife won't put up with things as I hev. We are still sleepin' on the same feather bed mother gave me when we was married, and the feathers ought to hev new tickin' if I was to live on, I could make the old sheets do for a year more; but as it is, I guess you'll hev to buy at least two. You ought to be som' pillars too. Down cellar you'll find half a barrel of soft soap, two jars of peach pickles and six gallons of apple butter. I hope your second wife will be as careful of 'em as I hev. Many a time I hev wanted a peach pickle in the middle of the afternoon, but I wouldn't go down arter it and be a pig. Did I tell you about the cider vinegar?"

Mr. Gallup was holding his breath over the statement that the Wiggins washer washed a shirt for the government of Arizona in 13 seconds, and of course he didn't answer.

"The cider vinegar ain't no good, Samuel. It won't work, and you might as well throw it away. Before you marry ag'in you ought to fit the leak in the roof, git a new pump for the well, whitewash the pump and buy a new mop handle. First wives can git along most any way and make one mop last for 20 years, but second wives will kick right away. I ain't tellin' you these things because I'm jealous, Samuel, but because it's my duty as a dyin' wife. I don't want you to hev to go huntin' the house all over after I've gone to find things. Remember, your dyin